

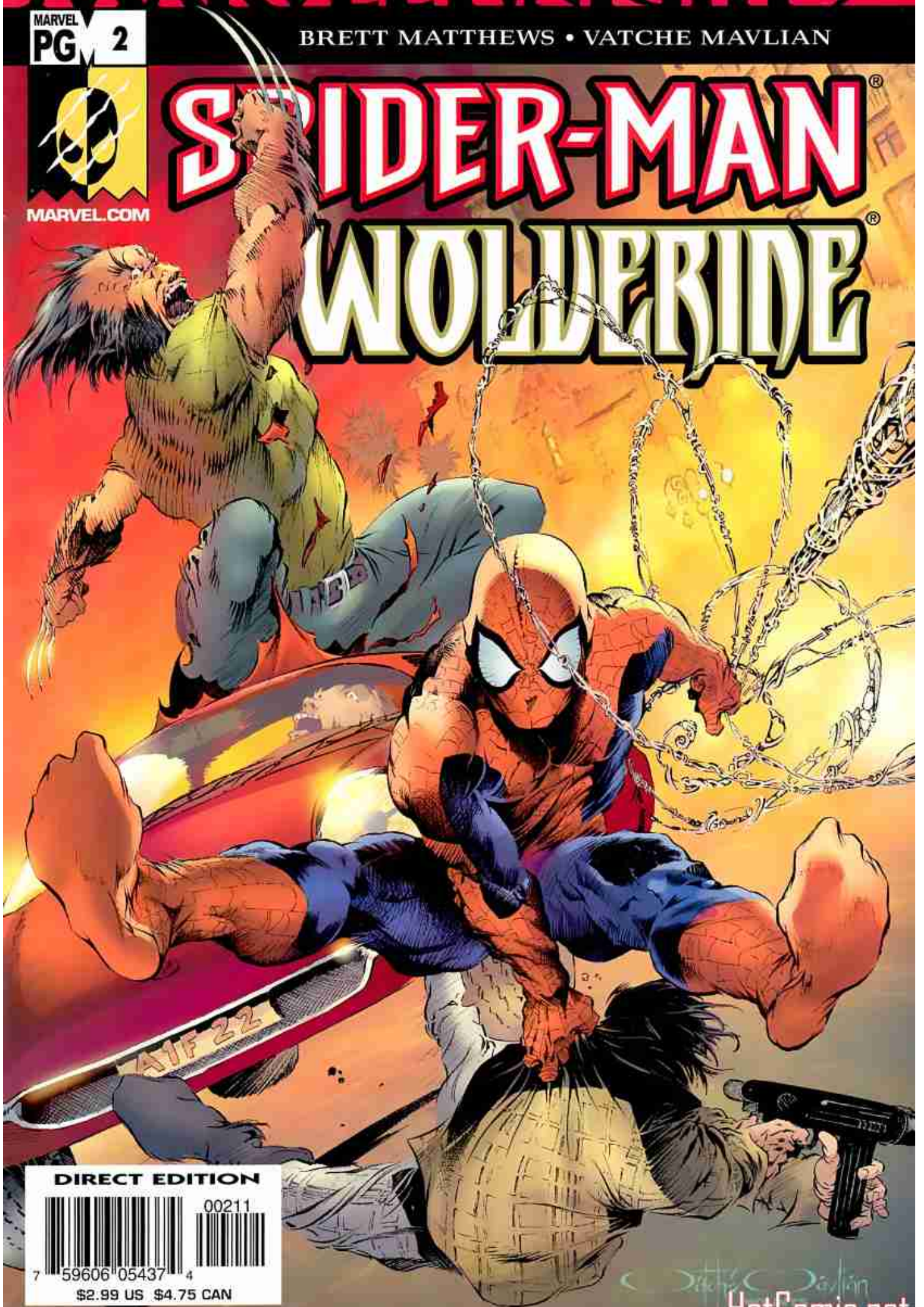
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SPIDER-MAN® WOLVERINE®



DIRECT EDITION



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HotComic.net

Spider-Man and Wolverine issue 2 of 6

PRESENT DAY:

An unmasked PETER PARKER is being questioned extensively by an unknown agency along with a beaten and bruised WOLVERINE. The line of questioning seeks to uncover the events of the last thirty-six hours.

THOSE EVENTS:

What starts as a normal day for Peter is derailed when a mysterious folio is delivered to the classroom he teaches. Inside the folder, surveillance photographs of Peter's life over the years -- including those of him as the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN. Even more unnerving to Peter, pictures of his loved ones are on display as well. A simple note attached to the file orders Peter to the school's roof. Numb, Peter excuses himself from his duties and heads up to confront the package's sender --

Who is NICK FURY? Fury tells Peter that he needs Spider-Man's unique abilities to rectify an issue of national security, one Fury can't address himself for political reasons. With his secret identity as Spider-Man and the lives of his loved ones at stake, Peter has no choice but to board the S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER that uncloaks above the New York City skyline.

A couple of hours later, Peter finds himself dressed as Spider-Man and over a remote Japanese island privately operated by a powerful warlord and kept in check by his own personal militia. Fury informs Peter that this warlord is currently in possession of a stolen asset critical to American interests, one that Spider-Man is tasked with reacquiring at all costs...

And so it is that Peter finds himself alone and thousands of miles from home. Upon successfully infiltrating the warlord's camp he's shocked to discover the cryptic "asset" Fury is so keen on recovering is none other than Wolverine, who is being tortured horribly by the warlord.

Enraged, Spider-Man springs into action, managing to free Wolverine even as the warlord's entire army closes in on them...

PRESENT DAY:

Wolverine tries to piece together how he got himself into this mess...

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It was really
very simple.

Adamantium claws, heightened
instincts, and no great love
of rich guys pushin' dope on
poor folk made it more so.

Takeshi
Kishimoto
was *dirty*.

Drugs were his main
deal, but if he could
turn a buck frontin'
for something illegal,
he was into it.

All I needed
was *proof*.

So I broke
into his
compound...

Like I said:
simple.

Normally, this kind
of situation I'd deal
with... *directly*.

But where Takeshi was
from, the *shame* of being
prosecuted and jailed in
an official capacity was
something far *worse*.

...and found
enough dirt to bury
all the bodies left
in his wake.

One good
thing about psychotic
control freaks-- they
keep fantastic records.

Just in
and out...



<Come.>



In and
out.





Well, that's kind of another story.

And one I don't particularly care to hear.

Back to the point, Mr.--

Wolverine.

Fine. Mr. Wolverine...



...to reiterate:

If Mr. Parker's story is to be believed, you were *emaciated*, hideously *tortured*, and surrounded by what sounds like an entire *army*.

Add to this testimony that the man in charge of said army was once *jailed* on your account.

It all sounds awful *grim*.

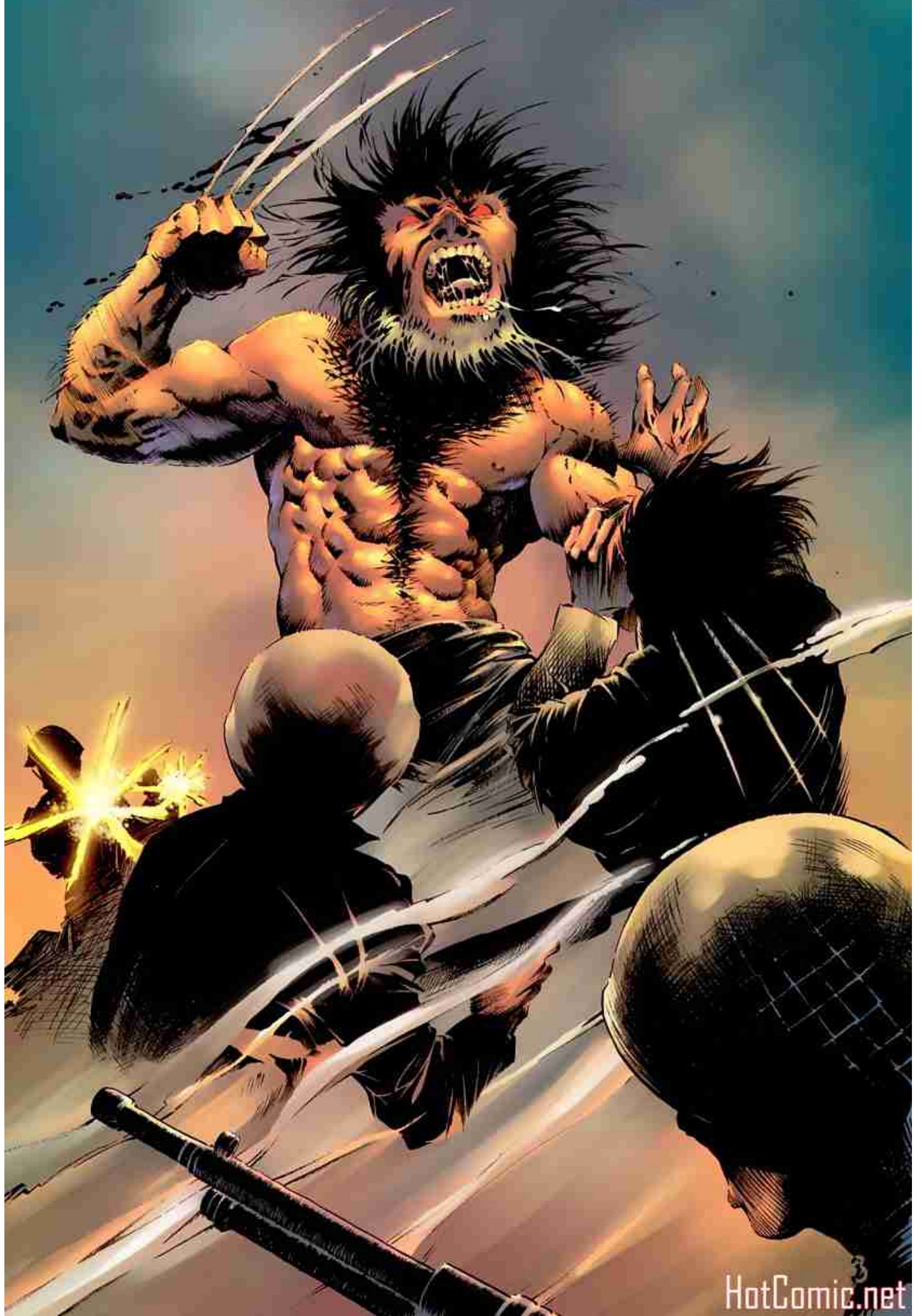


Welcome to my life.



Tell me, then.

Whatever did you do...?





What
I do best.



"Only
what I
do isn't
nice."

By which
he means he
killed a whole
bunch of people
before I could
even try to
stop him.

And if
I gotta hear
him say that
ever again, I
swear...



You didn't
mind my methods
when they were
saving your
ruttin' life.

My
hero!!!



Spastic
twerp.

Sawed-
off--

Gentlemen.



You've
little time for
bickering.

I believe
we were
somewhere
in...



"...Japan."

Oh Man
Oh Man Oh
Man Oh Man
Oh Man

The funny thing
about web fluid,
aside from the
way it smells--

--the stuff
runs out at the
damndest times.

Buildings.

I miss
buildings.

HA-HLIIH



And their
being made
of steel.

SPAK!

Okaaaay
then.

Low
ground's not
an option.

So...



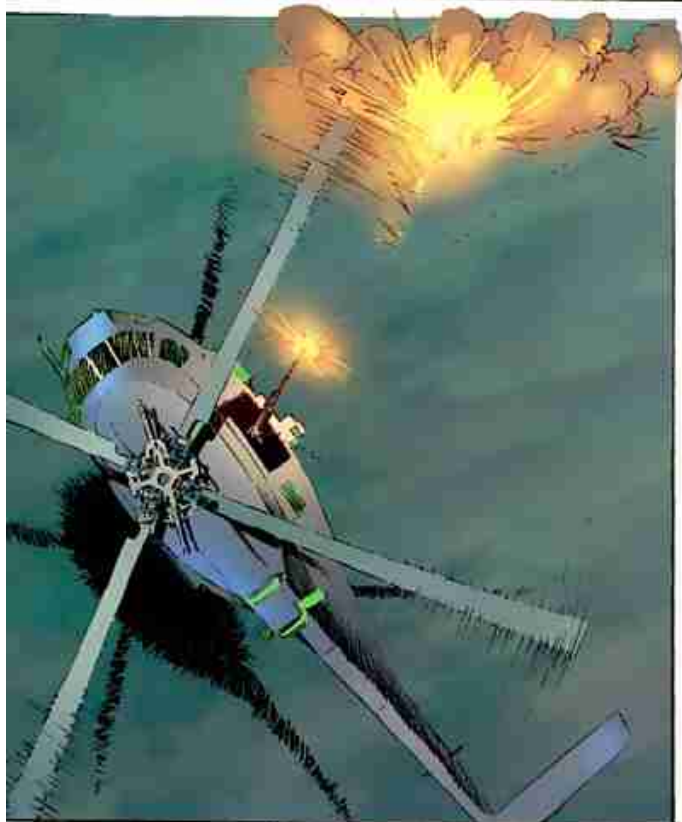
This
oughta really
freak 'em
out.

All right,
boys...

Say hello to
THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN!!!

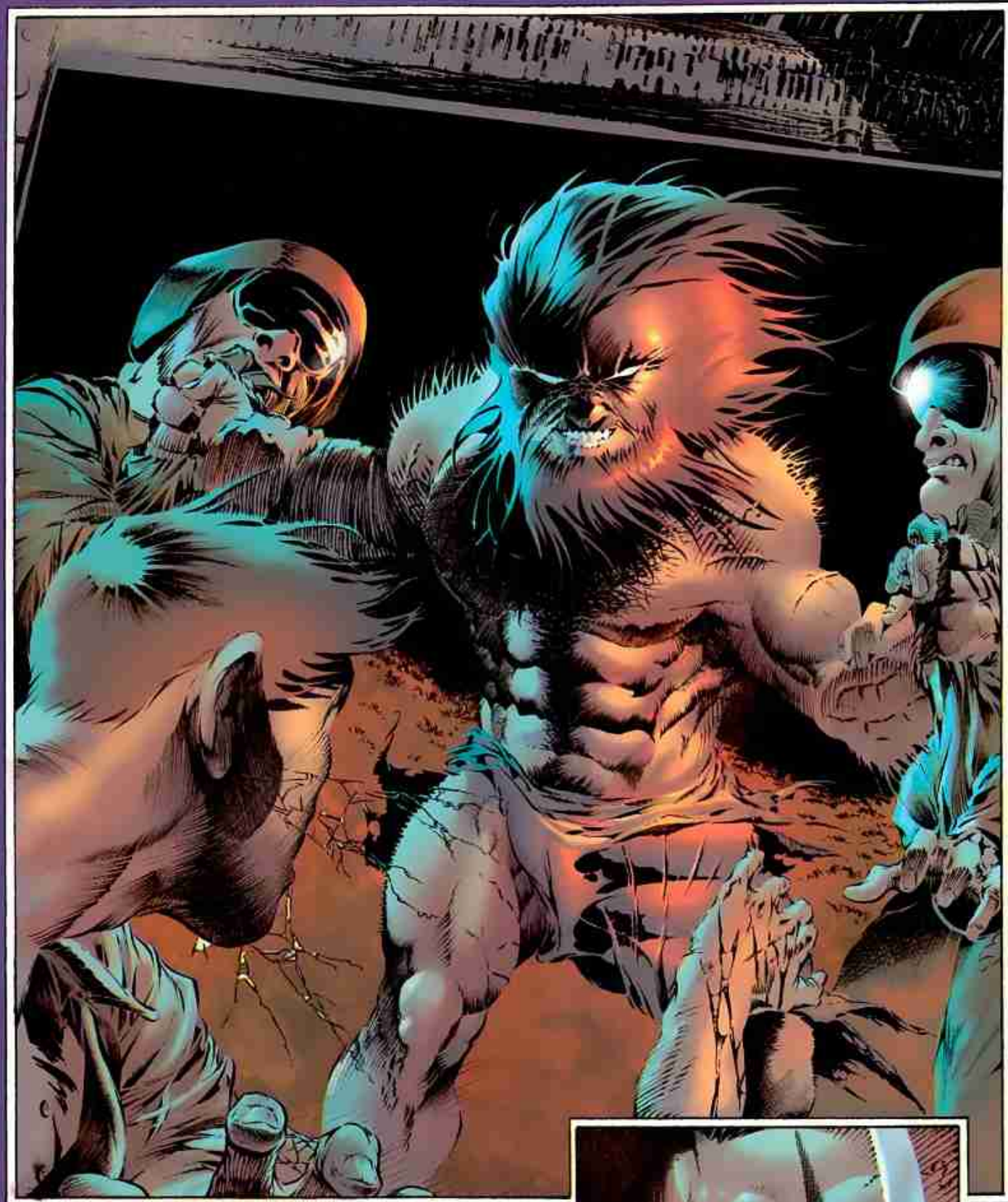
THWIP
THWIP











«What
size you
wear?»



Okay. Now to try and make some sense of all this.



This coming from the guy wearing pajamas in Japan and surrounded by a hundred dead bodies.

C'mon, Pete. Be smart.

Ask yourself...

What would Reed Richards do?



Because I know what I'd do if I were in his stretchy shoes.

And it involves Sue Storm and his very specific abilities and loads of dairy products --

Hello, what's this?



Looks like a camera to me.



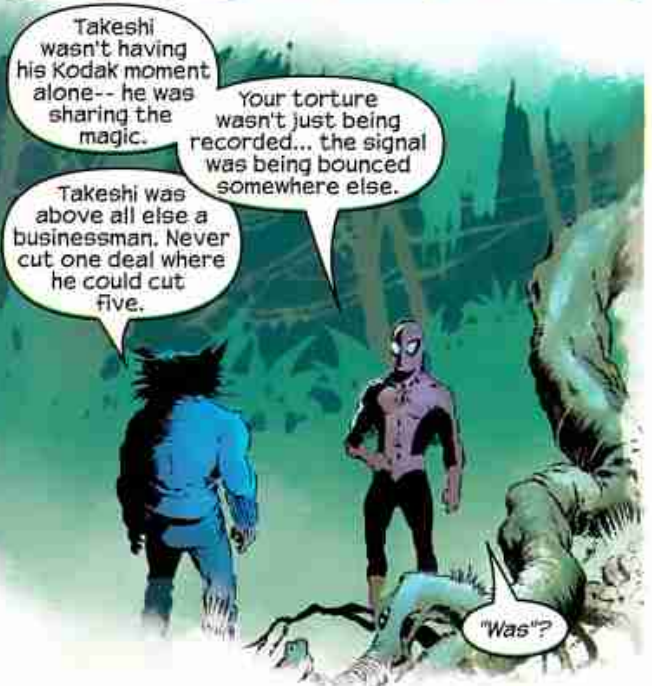
I'm so very glad you found clothes.

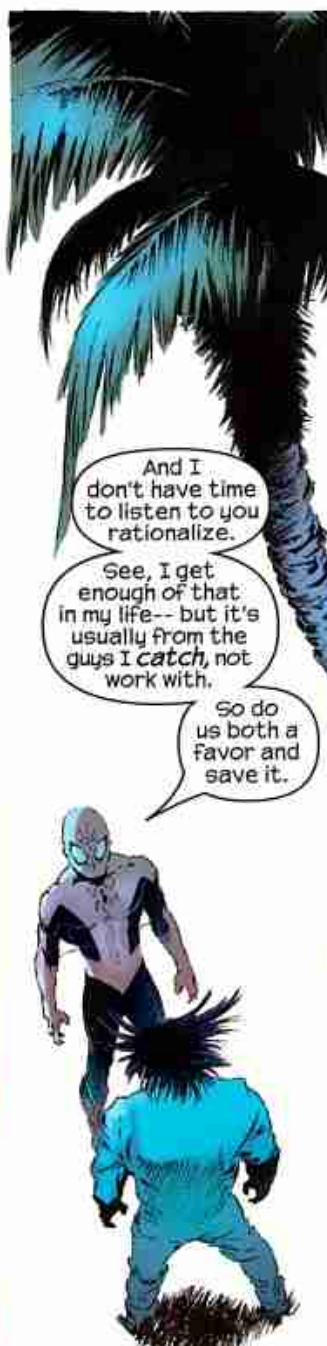


I especially like the sweater.

Funny.

Especially from a guy wearing underoos.







You were stranded in the middle of *nowhere*.

No food.

No water.

No way of knowing exactly where you were or how far from civilization.

Uh-huh.

Yup.

Then how, exactly, did you get back...?

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

-- and so I said, "That can't possibly be the going price for all animals such as a repressed market" and the guy was all smug and stuff which is when my partner (and I use the term loosely) here got involved in the negotiation process...

...and before you know it, we're looking at one reasonably priced llama...

...and did you know that llamas could swim? We didn't think they could, either, or maybe it was this particular llama had such a will to live but--

Please...

Stop.

Just stop.

Is any of this even true?

I wish I could say no.

So.

Long story short, we made our way to what passes for a thriving metropolis, by which I mean the place had a *phone*...

BAXTER BUILDING, NYC

Reed.

There's
a call.

For
you.

It's
our private
line.

Collect.

Who
at this
hour...?

That's
the thing--

He
won't really
say.

How's
that?

He says to
tell you you gave
him the number
after he pulled Dr.
Doom's tin-can butt
off you on top of
the GW Bridge last
summer...

That's a
direct
quote.

I'll
take
it.

He'll be
with you
in a--

No.

I don't
keep any Cool
Whip in the
fridge...

THREE MINUTES LATER

Fantastic.

Thanks
for the help,
Stretch.

Oh.

By the
way.

Whatever
Sue tells
you...







And let me tell you what exactly that storm was made of--

That won't be necessary.



What will be is for you to tell me exactly what the two of you uncovered in Paris.

And please...



...be brief.

Brief's your department, fuzzy.

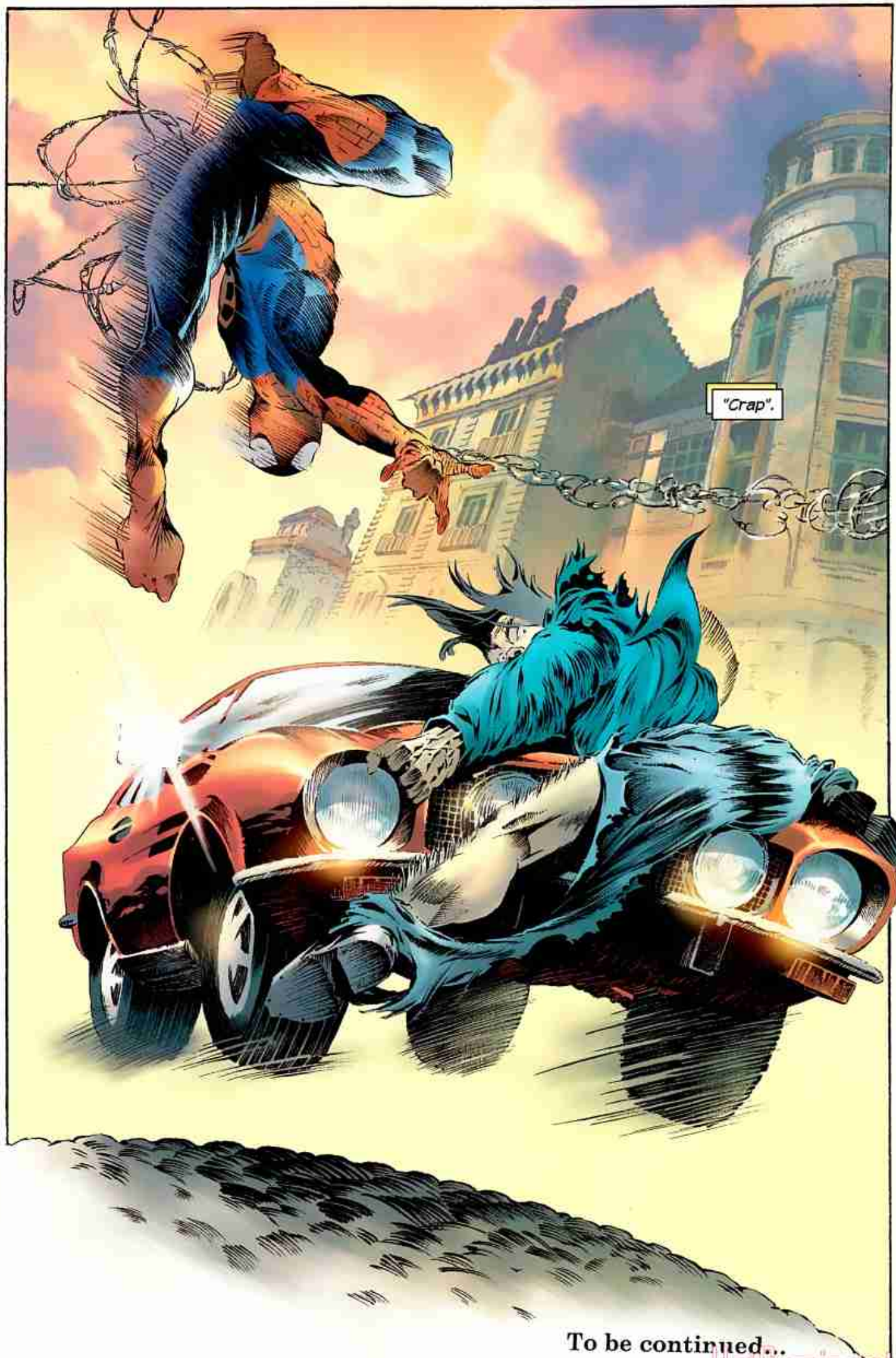
Very well. Mr. Wolverine.

Tell me about Paris.



Name's Logan.

And Paris was, in a word...



"Crap".

To be continued...

MEGANUBIS

